

(1)
O T H E L L O.

A TRAGEDY, by SHAKESPEARE,

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

Regulated from the PROMPT-BOOK,
With PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,
By Mr. HOPKINS, Prompter.

An INTRODUCTION, and NOTES
CRITICAL and ILLUSTRATIVE,

ARE ADDED BY THE
AUTHORS of the DRAMATIC CENSOR.



L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN BELL, near Exeter-Exchange, in the Strand.

M.DCC.LXXVII.

O T H E L O

ARRANGED BY SHARPERMAN

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL DUBLIN

PERFORMED BY THE ROYAL DUBLIN

BY MR. J. H. DUFFIN
IN THE ROYAL DUBLIN



GENERAL AND
ARE ADDED AT THE

AUTHORS OF THE DRAMATIC GENIUS



L O N D O N:
Printed for J. H. DUFFIN, at the Theatre Royal, Dublin.

M D C C L X X I I I

O T H E L L O.

INTRODUCTION.

THE exposition of those passions which most prejudice human nature, which, when in full possession of the heart, precipitate us into the most violent and irreparable acts, is noble employment for a dramatic Author's pen. Where then could Shakespeare find a fitter theme, than jealousy? which Dr. Young, in his bold imitation of this play, emphatically calls, the "Hydra" "of calamities, the seven-fold death." A most striking picture of caution is here held up to view: that, in matters of such deep concern, we should not give way to appearances, however plausible and corroborative; nor trust friendly professions, when they have a fatal tendency. Every intelligent person will easily perceive with what a vast power of idea he has treated his subject; with what unspurred speed his Pegasus maintains a daring flight; with what irresistible force his muse takes possession of our hearts, and to what sublime pleasure he leads us, through the paths of pain. In this edition, though the unities are still intruded upon, the play may be esteemed regular, we had almost said perfect.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>Covent-Garden.</i>
OTHELLO,	Mr. BARRY.	Mr. ROSS.
IAGO,	Mr. REDDISH.	Mr. BENSLEY.
RODORIGO,	Mr. DODD.	Mr. DYER.
CASSIO,	Mr. PALMER.	Mr. CLARKE.
BRABANTIO,	Mr. HURST.	Mr. GARDNER.
DUKE,	Mr. BRANSBY.	Mr. MORRIS.
LODOVICO,	Mr. PACKER.	Mr. OWENSON.
MONTANO,	Mr. J. AICKIN.	Mr. PERRY.
GRATIANO,	Mr. WRIGHTEN.	Mr. REDMAN.
MESSINGER,	Mr. WHEELER.	Mr. HOLTOM.
DESDEMONA,	Mrs. BARRY.	Miss MILLER.
AMILIA,	Mrs. HOPKINS,	Mrs. GREEN.

Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors, and Attendants.

SCENE, for the First Act, in Venice: during the rest of the Play, in Cyprus.



O T H E L L O.

A C T I.

S C E N E, *a Street in Venice.**Enter Rodorigo and Iago.**

RODORIGO.

NEVER tell me, I take it much unkindly,
That thou, *Iago*, who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.

Iago. But you'll not hear me.

If ever I did dream of such a matter, abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me thou did'st hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me,

If I do not. The great ones of the city,

* The characters of *Iago* and *Rodorigo*, are not only well contrasted, but drawn in a masterly manner. In performance, *Rodorigo* requires nothing but smartness of figure, airiness of deportment, and pertness of expression. The addition of a vacant cast of features must be of advantage. *Iago*, though great extent of expression may be dispensed with, if well supported, must have solid and variable powers; depth of voice for his soliloquies, and the weightier scenes; familiar freedom for the lighter ones. His countenance should be plausible, but pregnant with design; and capable, not only of marking the villain strongly, but occasionally of assuming the semblance of an honest man. This part, though much curtailed in the acting, is still so long, and has so many soliloquies, that, without capital abilities and strict attention, it is impossible to do it justice, in representation.

In personal suit, to make me his lieutenant,
 Off-capp'd to him: and by the faith of a man,
 I know my price, I'm worth no worse a place.
 But he, as loving his own pride and purpose,
 Nonsuits my mediators. "For certes," says he,
 "I have already chose my officer."

And what was he?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,

One *Michael Cassio*; a fellow

That never set a squadron in the field,

Nor the division of a battle knows,

More than a spinster.

He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,

And I, sir, (bless the mark!) his moorship's ancient.

Rod. By heav'n, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. Now, sir, be judge yourself,

If I in any just term am assign'd

To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him, then.

Iago. O, sir, content you;

I follow him, to serve my turn upon him.

Heaven is my judge, not I

For love and duty; but, seeming so,

For my peculiar end.

For, when my outward action doth demonstrate

The native act and figure of my heart,

In compliment extern, 'tis not long after

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve,

For daws to peck at. I'm not what I seem.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,

If he can carry her thus!

Iago. Call up her father,

Rouse him, make after him, poison his delight.

Tho' his joy be joy,

Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,

As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house. I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do, with like timorous accent, and dire yell,

As when, by night and negligence, a fire

Is 'spied in populous cities.

Rod. What, ho! *Brabantio!* signior *Brabantio!* ho!

Iago,



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Iago. Awake! What, ho! *Brabantio!* ho! thieves! thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags.
Thieves, thieves.*

Brabantio appears above, at a window.

Bra. What is the matter, there?
Rod. Signior, is all your family within?
Iago. Are all your doors lock'd?
Bra. Why? Wherefore ask you this?
Iago. Sir, you're robb'd:
You have lost half your soul;
Ev'n now, ev'n very now, an old black ram †
Is tapping your white ewe. Arise, arise,
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandfire of you.
Arise, I say.
Bra. What, have you lost your wits!
Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?
Bra. Not I. What are you?
Rod. My name is *Roderigo*.
Bra. The worse welcome.
In honest plainness, thou hast heard me say,
My daughter's not for thee. And now in madness
Dost thou come to start my quiet.
Rod. Sir, fir, fir!—
Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit and my place have in their power
To make this bitter to thee.
Rod. Patience, good fir.
Bra. What, tell'st thou me of robbing? This is
Venice;
My house is not a grange.

* The alarming *Brabantio*, at such a time, and in such a manner, is well imagined, proving a good introduction to opening the plot.

† The lines distinguished by italics, for sake of decency, should be omitted, though usually spoken.

Rod.

Rod. Most brave *Brabantio*,
In simple and pure soul, I come to you.

Iago. Sir, you'll have your daughter covered with a
Barbary horse: you'll have your nephews neigh to you:
you'll have coursers for cousins; and gennets for ger-
mans.*

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you, your
daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with
two backs.

Bra. Thou art—a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer. I know thee, *Roderigo*.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you,
Straight satisfy yourself.
If she be in your chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state,
For thus deluding you.

Bra. † Give me a taper——Call up my people:—
This accident is not unlike my dream;
Belief of it oppresses me, already.
Light; I say, light!

Iago. Farewel; for I must leave you.
It seems not meet nor wholesome, to my place,
To be produc'd (as, if I stay, I shall)
Against the Moor.
In which regard,

* This, and *Iago's* next speech, merit the same fate, for the
same reason. Would not a transition from

In simple and pure soul I come to you,
to *Brabantio's* menace,

This thou shalt answer, &c.
be an eligible means of avoiding an offence to decency.

† In representation, *Brabantio* should be sustained by a venerable
appearance, and a medium degree of the pathetic. He is drawn a
tender father; his charge, of charms, spells, &c. however strange,
is strongly characteristic. It is not to be inferred that *Brabantio*
was weak enough to give into an implicit belief of their potency;
but that nothing beneath supernatural means could influence his
daughter (to use his own words.)

To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on.

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Tho' I do hate him, as I do hell's pains,
 Yet, for necessity of present life,
 I must shew out a flag and sign of love,
 (Which is, indeed, but sign.) That you may surely
 Lead to the *Sagittary* the raised search; [find him,
 And there will I be with him. So farewell. [Exit.

Enter Brabantio, and Servants with Torch-bearers.

Bra. It is too true an evil. Gone she is!
 Now, *Rodorigo*;
 Where didst thou see her? Oh! unhappy girl.
 With the Moor, saidst thou?
 How didst thou know 'twas he?
 Get more tapers.
 Raise all my kindred—Are they married, think you?

Rod. Truly, they are.

Bra. Oh heaven! How gat she out?
 Oh treason of my blood!
 Fathers, from hence, trust not your daughter's minds,
 By what you see them act. Are there not charms,
 By which the property of youth and maid-hood
 May be abus'd? Have you not read, *Rodorigo*,
 Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir, I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother:
 Some one way, some another——Do you know
 Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think I can discover him, if you please
 To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At ev'ry house I'll call,
 I may command at most. Get weapons, ho!
 And raise some special officers of might.
 On, good *Rodorigo*, I'll deserve your pains.

[Exeunt]

SCENE changes to another Street, before the *Sagittary*.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Iago. Tho' in the trade of war I have slain men,
 Yet do I hold it base and infamous,

To

To do a contriv'd murder.—Nine or ten times,
I thought to've jerk'd him here under the ribs.

Oth. It's better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms,
Against your honour,
That with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray, fir,
Are you fast married? for be sure of this,
That the magnifico * is much below'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potential,
As double as the duke's. He will divorce you,
Or put upon you what restraint or grievance,
The law (with all it's might t'enforce it on)
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite:

My services, which I have done the signory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know
(Which when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate) I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege: and my demerits
May speak, and bonnetted, to as proud a fortune,
As this that I have reach'd. For know, *Iago*,
But that I love the gentle *Desdemona*,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine,
For the sea's worth. But look! What lights come
yonder? †

Enter Cassio, with Torches and Attendants.

Iago. These are the rais'd father, and his friends.
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I: I must be found.

* *Magnifico*, a nobleman of *Venice*.

† There is not in the whole scope of the drama, a character which demands greater requisites, than *Othello*; nor is there one which gives more support to, or calls for more from, the actor. His appearance should be amiably elegant, and above the middle stature; his expression full and sententious, for the declamatory part; flowing and harmonious, for the love-scenes; rapid and powerful, for each violent climax of jealous rage.

My

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My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By *Janus*, I think no.

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?

Caf. The duke does greet you, general;
And he requires your haste, post-haste appearance,
Ev'n on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter think you?

Caf. Something from *Cyprus*, as I may divine.
You have been hotly call'd for;
When, being not at your lodgings to be found,
The senate sent above three several quests,
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you:
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [Exit Othello.]

Caf. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carrack;*
If she prove lawful prize, he's made, for ever.

Caf. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Caf. To whom?

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Have with you.

Caf. Here comes another troop, to seek for you.

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, with Officers and Torches.

Iago. It is *Brabantio*. General, be advis'd.
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Holla! Stand there.

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief.

[They draw, on both sides.]

* A carrack, is a rich ship.

Iago.

Iago. You, *Roderigo*! Come, fir, I am for you—

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.

Good signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O, thou foul thief! Where hast thou stow'd
my daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid, so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, t'incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom,
Of such a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight? †
I therefore apprehend, and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited, and out of warrant.
Lay hold upon him: if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

[*They fight.*]

Oth. Hold your hands.

Both you of my inclining, and the rest.
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it,
Without a prompter.* Where will you I go,
To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison, 'till fit time
Of law, and course of direct session,
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bring me to him?

† There is somewhat very plausible in *Brabantio's* reasoning, here; and we apprehend the justice of our remark on his charge of witchcraft, &c. is sufficiently enforced here, as well as in a subsequent scene, where the parties are before the senate.

* This is a spirited resolve. A brave man will always decline violence, when he can do it with honour.

Cas. True, most worthy signior,
The duke's in council, and your noble self,
I'm sure, is sent for.

Bra. How! The duke in council,
In this time of the night? Bring him away;
Mine's not an idle cause. The duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own.
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pageants † shall our statesmen be.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the Senate-house.

Duke and Senators set at a Table, with Lights and Attendants.

Duke. There is no composition in these news,
That gives them credit.

1 Sen. Indeed, they're disproportion'd.
My letters say, a hundred and seven gallies.

Duke. And mine a hundred and forty.

2 Sen. And mine, two hundred.
But though they jump not on a just account,
Yet do they all confirm

A *Turkish* fleet, and bearing up to *Cyprus*.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment.

Enter Officer, and Messenger.

Off. A messenger from the gallies.

Duke. Now!—What's the business?

† A difference of opinion has arisen between pageants and pagans: we incline to the former, because we cannot suppose that the Venetian state would have made a pagan their general; besides, pageants, taken as cyphers, bears an intelligible meaning. The first senator, in the very next page, uses the word nearly to this purpose,

Mess. The *Turkish* preparation makes for *Rhodes*,
So I was bid report here to the state.

Duke. How say you, by this change?

1 Sen. 'Tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for *Rhodes*.

Offi. Here's more news.

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mess. The *Ottomites*, (reverend and gracious)
Steering with due course towards the isle of *Rhodes*,
Have there injoin'd them with an after fleet—

1 Sen. Ay, so I thought. How many, as you guess?

Mess. Of thirty sail; and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance,
Their purposes towards *Cyprus*. Signior *Montano*,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,

[*Gives a Packet.*]

And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for *Cyprus*. *Marcus Lucius*,
Is he not here in town?

Sen. He's now in *Florence*.

Duke. Write from us to him, post, post-haste,
dispatch.

1 Sen. Here comes *Brabantio*, and the valiant Moor.

To them enter Brabantio, Othello, Cassio, Iago, Rodrigo, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant *Othello*, we must strait employ you
Against the general enemy *Ottoman*.

I did not see you. Welcome, gentle signior:

[*To Bra.*]

We lack'd your counsel and your help, to-night.

Bra. So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me.
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of business,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care
Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'er bearing nature,

That it engluts and swallows other sorrows,
And yet is still itself.

Duke. Why? what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! oh, my daughter!—

Sen. Dead?

Bra. To me.

She is abus'd, stolen from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;
For nature so posterously to err,
Sans witchcraft, could not—

Duke. Whoe'er he be, that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
And your own sense; yea, tho' our proper son
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
There is the man, this Moor, whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state-affairs,
Hath hither brought.

Duke. We're very sorry for't.
What in your own part can you say to this?
[To Othello.]

Bra. Nothing, but it is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters;
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending,
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in speech,*
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years pith,
'Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;

* *Othello* here modestly charges himself with what his oratory, through the whole scene, contradicts; and there is infinite beauty in so doing; it was a nice task to relate his course of love, and he could not express himself with too much diffidence and delicacy, on such an occasion.

And little of this great world can I speak,
 More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
 In speaking for myself. Yet, by your patience,
 I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver,
 Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
 What conjuration, and what mighty magick,
 (For such proceeding I am charg'd withal)
 I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden, never bold;
 Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
 Blush'd at itself: and she, in spite of nature,
 Of years, of country, credit, every thing,
 'To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on—
 I therefore vouch again,
 'That with some mixtures pow'rful o'er the blood,
 Or with some dram, conjur'd to this effect,
 He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof.

Othello, speak;
 Did you by indirect and forced courses
 Subdue and poison this young maid's affections;
 Or came it by request, and such fair question,
 As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I beseech you,
 Send for the lady to the *Sagittary*,
 And let her speak of me before her father;
 If you do find me foul in her report,
 The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
 Not only take away, but let your sentence
 Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch *Desdemona* hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them, you best know the
 place. [Exit Iago and Rodor.]

And, till she come, as truly as to heav'n
 I do confess the vices of my blood,
 So justly to your grave ears I'll present
 How I did thrive in the fair lady's love,
 And she in mine.

Duke.

Duke. Say it, *Othello*.

Oth. Her father lov'd me, oft invited me ; *
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year ; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have past.
I ran it through, e'en from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it :
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances ;
Of moving accidents by flood and field ;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach ;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence ;
Of battles bravely, hardly fought ; of victories,
For which the conqueror mourn'd, so many fell ;
Sometimes I told the story of a siege,
Wherein I had to combat plagues and famine ;
Soldiers unpaid ; fearful to fight,
Yet bold in dangerous mutiny.
All these to hear
Would *Desdemona* seriously incline :
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear,
Devour up my discourse ; which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not distinctively : I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs. [strange,
She swore, " In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
" 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful." —

* This narration speaks the pen of a great master ; and though a speech unusually long, never fails to please much in the recital.

She wish'd she had not heard it;—yet she wish'd,
 That heaven had made her such a man:—she thank'd
 And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her, [me,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. On this hint I spake;
 She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;
 And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.
 Here comes the lady. Let her witness it.

Duke. I think, this tale would win my daughter,
 Good *Brabantio*, [too—
 Take up this mangled matter at the best;
 Men do their broken weapons rather use,
 Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you hear her speak.
 If she confess that she was half the wooer,
 Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
 Light on the man!

Enter Desdemona, &c.

Come hither, gentle mistress,
 Do you perceive in all this noble company,
 Where you must owe obedience?

Des. My noble father,
 I do perceive here a divided duty:
 To you I'm bound, for life and education;
 My life and education both do teach me
 How to respect you. You're the lord of duty;
 I'm hitherto your daughter. But there's my husband;
 And so much duty as my mother shew'd
 To you, preferring you before her father;
 So much I challenge that I may profess
 Due to the Moor, my lord.*

Bra. I have done.
 I had rather adopt a child, than get it,

* There is a beautiful degree of modest confidence in this delicate speech.

Come hither, Moor:

I here do give thee that, with all my heart.
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.

Beseech you now to the affairs o' th' state.

Duke. The *Turk*, with a most mighty preparat'on,
makes for *Cyprus*: *Othello*, the fortitude of the place is
best known to you. You must therefore be content to
slubber the gloss of your new fortunes, with this more
stubborn and boist'rous expedition.

Oth. Thy tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice driven bed of down.† I do ag'nize*
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardiness; and do undertake
This present war against the *Ottomites*.
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife,
Due reverence of place and exhibition;
With such accommodation and besort,
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. Why, at her father's.

Bra. I will not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I. I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye. Most noble duke,
To my unfolding lend your gracious ear,
And let me find a charter in your voice,
T' assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, *Desdemona*?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes,
May trumpet to the world. My heart's subdu'd,
Ev'n to the very quality of my lord;
I saw *Othello's* visage in his mind,

† A most poetical idea is couch'd in these lines.

* *Ag'nize*, for *acknowledge*.

And to his honours and his valiant parts,
 Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate :
 So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
 A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
 The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me :
 And I a heavy interim shall support,
 By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, lords; beseech you, let her will
 Have a free way. I therefore beg it not,
 To please the palate of my appetite ;
 But to be free and bounteous to her mind.
 And heav'n defend your good souls, that you think,
 I will your serious and great business scant,
 For she is with me.—No, when light-wing'd toys*
 Of feather'd *Cupid* foil with wanton dulness
 My speculative and active instruments,
 That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
 Let all indign and base adversities
 Make head against my estimation.

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
 Or for her stay or going ; th' affair cries haste ;
 And speed must answer. You must hence, to-night.

Des. To night, my lord ?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i'th' morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave some officer behind,
 And he shall our commission bring to you ;
 And such things else of quality and respect,
 As doth import you.

Oth. Please your grace, *Iago* ;
 (A man he is of honesty and trust)
 To his conveyance I assign my wife,
 With what else needful your good grace shall think
 To be sent after me.

* This is a delightful sight of fancy, and natural for a man of sense, who, though he bows to the shine of love, steadfastly attends to the important concerns of life.

Duke. Let it be so.

Good-night to every one. And, noble signior,
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see;
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exit Duke, with Senators.*]

Oth. My life upon her faith—Honest *Iago*,
My *Desdemona* must I leave to thee;
I pr'ythee let thy wife attend on her;
And bring her after in the best advantage.
Come, *Desdemona*, I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matter and direction,
To speak with thee. We must obey the time.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Manent Rodorigo and Iago.**

Rod. Iago.—

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, think'st thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after.
Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment;
and then we have a prescription to die, when death is
our physician.

Iago. O villainous! I have lock'd upon the world
for four times seven years, and since I could dis-
tinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never
found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I
would say I would drown myself, for the love of a
Guinea hen, I would change my humanity with a
baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess, it is my shame

* This scene is very much, and very properly, reduced, from its
original prolixity.

to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue! a fig. Come, be a man: drown thyself! drown cats and blind puppies. I have profest me thy friend, and I could never better stead thee, than now. Put money in thy purse; follow thou these wars; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that *Desdemona* should long continue her love to the Moor—put money in thy purse.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me.—Go, make money.—I have told thee, often, and I tell thee, again and again, I hate the Moor. My cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him. If thou can'st cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. Traverse, go, provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet, i'th' morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee, betimes.

Iago. Go to. Farewel. Do you hear, *Redovigo*?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning; do you hear?

Rod. I am chang'd; I'll go sell all my land.

[*Exit.*]

Manet Iago.

Iago. Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
For I my own gain'd knowledge should prophane,
If I should time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office. I know not, if't be true—
But I for mere suspicion in that kind,*

Will

* *Shakespeare*, who had the exposition of that dreadful passion, jealousy, in view, has shown its contrast effects upon different minds;

Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well—
 The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man: let me see, now?—
 To get his place, and to plume up my will;
 A double knavery—How? how?—let's see—
 After some time, t'abuse *Othello's* ear,
 That he is too familiar with his wife.—
 He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
 To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.
 The Moor is of a free and open nature,
 That thinks men honest that but seem to be so;
 And will as tenderly be led by th' nose,
 As asses are.
 I hav't—it is ingendered—hell and night
 Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light. †

[Exit.

minds; the subtle, gloomy temper of *Iago*, touched with it, determines upon a revenge. base as deliberate, under the smiling, treacherous mask of friendship; *Othello's* generous, unsuspecting heart, having sucked in the poison, enters upon an open, violent declaration of his resentment. Herein the poet, as in most of his pieces, shews a correct knowledge of human nature.

† This ACT is sufficiently supplied with business. The plot and characters are well opened, and the writing, all through, equals any thing we could wish.

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE, *the capital City of Cyprus.**Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen.*

CASSIO.

THANKS to the valiant of this warlike isle, †
 That so approve the Moor: oh, let the heav'n's
 Give him defence against the elements,
 For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

Mont.

† The Second Act commonly begins here; yet we think that the scene which precedes, as originally written, should be retained, as it contains some fine passages, and raises a pleasing proper anxiety, for *Othello's* safety; wherefore we give it to perusal.

MONTANO and GENTLEMEN.

MON. *What, from the cape, can you discern at sea?*

GEN. *Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;
 I cannot, 'twixt the heav'n and main,
 Descry a sail.*

MON. *Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
 A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
 If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
 What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
 Can hold the mortice? What shall we hear of this?*

2d GEN. *A segregation of the Turkish fleet;
 For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
 The chiding billows seem to check the clouds;
 The wind-shak'd farge, with high and monstrous main,
 Seems to cast water on the burning Bear,
 And quench the guards of th' ever-fixed pole.
 I never did like molestation view
 On the enchas'd flood.*

MON. *If that the Turkish fleet
 Be not embay'd and embay'd, they're drown'd.
 It is impossible to bear it out.*

Enter a third Gentleman.

3d GEN. *News, lords: Our wars are done:
 The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,*

That

Mont. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance.

Within.] A fail, a fail, a fail!

Enter a Gentleman.

Cas. What noise?

Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o'th' sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry, a fail.

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arrived.

Gent. I shall.

[Exit.]

Mont. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?

Cas. Most fortunately, he hath achiev'd a maid,
That paragons description and wild fame.

*That their designment halts. Another ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck and suff'rance,
On most part of the fleet.*

MON. How! is this true?

3d GEN. The ship is here put in.

*A Veronese; Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant of the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore; the Moor's himself at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.*

MON. I'm glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

3d GEN. But this same Cassio, though he speaks of comfort,
Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted,
By foul and violent tempest.

MON. Pray heav'n's be he!

*For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side,
As well to see the vessel that comes in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Ev'n till we make the main and th' aerial blue
An indistinct regard.*

GEN. Let us do so,
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter a Gentleman.

How now? Who has put in?

Gent. It is one *Iago*, ancient to the general.

Caf. He's had most favourable and happy speed;
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting safe go by
The divine *Desdemona*.

Mont. What is she?

Caf. She that I spoke of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Rodorigo, and Emilia.

O behold!

The riches of the ship is come on shore:
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heav'n,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round.

Des. I thank you, valiant *Cassio*.

What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Caf. He is not yet arriv'd, nor know I ought
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear--how lost you company?

Caf. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship.

Good antient, you are welcome. Welcome, mistress.
Let it not gall your patience, good *Iago*, [*To Emilia*.
That I extend my manners. 'Tis my breeding,
That gives me this bold shew of courtesy.

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas! she has no speech.

Iago. In faith too much.

Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil.

Emil. You have little cause to say so. [doors,

Iago. Come on, come on; you're pictures out o' Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens, Saints in your injuries, devils being offended, Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer! [beds!

Iago. Nay, it is true; or else I am a Turk; You rise to play, and go to bed to work.*

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What would'st thou write of me, if thou should'st praise me? †

Iago. Oh gentle lady, do not put me to't, For I am nothing, if not critical.

Des. Come, one essay. There's one gone to the

Cas. Ay, madam. [harbour?

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile The thing I am, by seeming otherwise. [indeed?

What praise could thou bestow on a deserving woman,

Iago. *She that was ever fair, and never proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said, now I may;
She that when anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
Have suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight, (if ever such wight were) —*

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small-beer.

* Through the whole of this scene, *Iago* expresses himself somewhat too freely, both to his wife and *Desdemona*; but is there not a strong trait of character in it? He thought, we presume, an exaggerated frankness the best mask for his private purposes.

† In representation, we expect nothing from the two characters of *Desdemona* and *Emilia*, but delicacy of appearance and tender expression, in the former; with a smart degree of spirit in the latter.

Des. Oh most lame and impotent conclusion! Do not learn of him, *Æmilia*, tho' he be thy husband. How say you, *Cassio*, is he not a most prophane and liberal censurer?

Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm; ay, well said—whisper.—With as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as *Cassio*. Ay, smile upon her; do—You say true, 'tis so, indeed.—If such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenancy, it had been better you had not kiss'd your three fingers so oft. [*Trumpet sounds*]. The Moor—I know his trumpet.

[*Trumpet.*

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. Oh, my fair warrior!

Des. My dear *Othello*.

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death;
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus high; and duck again as low,
As hell's from heav'n! If I were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this,
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heav'n's forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should encrease,
Ev'n as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here: it is too much of joy.
And this, and this, the greatest discords be,
That e'er our hearts shall make.

[*Kissing her.*

Iago.

Iago. Oh, you are well tun'd, now; but I'll let down the pegs that make this musick, as honest as I seem.

[*Aside.*

Oth. News, friends, our wars are done; the *Turks* are drown'd.

How do our old acquaintance of this isle?

Honey, you shall be well desir'd in *Cyprus*;

I've found great love amongst them. Oh, my sweet,

I prattle out of fashion, and I dote,

In mine own comfort. Pr'ythee, good *Iago*,

Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers.

Bring thou the master to the citadel;

He is a good one, and his worthiness

Does challenge much respect. Come, *Desdemona*,

Once more well met at *Cyprus*.

[*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, &c.*

*Manent Iago and Rodorigo.**

Iago. Come hither, *Rodorigo*, if thou be'st valiant: list me; the lieutenant, to-night, watches on the court of guard. First, I must tell thee this; *Desdemona* is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him! why, 'tis not possible!

Iago. Lay thy fingers thus; and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first lov'd the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies. And will she love him still for prating? Let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed. And what delight shall she have to look on the devil!

Rod. I cannot believe that of her, she's full of most blefs'd condition.

Iago. Blefs'd fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes. Blefs'd pudding! did'st thou not see her

* *Iago's* method of working, through the whole piece, on this simfy, credulous tool of his black designs, is full of cunning, and mastery of art.

paddle with the palm of his hand? Did'st not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Letchery, by this hand; an index, an obscure prologue to the history of lust, and foul thoughts. Sir, be you rul'd by me. I have brought you from *Venice*. Watch you, to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you. *Cassio* knows you not: I'll not be far from you. Do you find some occasion to anger *Cassio*, either by speaking too loud, or taunting his discipline, or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's rash, and very sudden in choler: and, haply, may strike at you. Provoke him, that he may; for even of that will I cause those of *Cyprus* to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of *Cassio*.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me, by and by, at the citadel. I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewel.

Rod. Adieu.

[*Exit.*]

Manet Iago.

Iago. That *Cassio* loves her, I do well believe;
That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit.
The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;
And, I dare think, he'll prove to *Desdemona*,
A most dear husband. Now I love her too,
Not out of absolute lust, (tho', peradventure,
I stand accountant for as great a sin;)
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lustful Moor
Hath leapt into my seat.* The thought whereof

Doth,

* The author has again made *Iago* very properly advert to his jealous suspicions of the Moor, as a leading motive for his villainous

Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards ;
 And nothing can, or shall, content my soul,
 'Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife ;
 Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
 At least into a jealousy so strong,
 That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,
 If this poor brach † of *Venice*, whom I trace
 For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
 I'll have our *Michael Cassio* on the hip,
 Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb ;
 (For I fear *Cassio* with my night-cap, too)
 Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
 For making him egregiously an ass ;
 And practising upon his peace and quiet,
 Even to madness. 'Tis here—but yet confus'd :
 Knavery's plain face is never seen, till us'd.

[*Exit.*

SCENE, *the Castle Gate.*

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

Oth. Good *Michael*, look you to the guard to-night.
 Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
 Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. *Iago* hath direction what to do.
 But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye,
 Will I look to't.

Oth. *Iago* is most honest.
Michael, good-night. To-morrow, with your earliest,
 Let me have speech with you. Come, my dear love,
 The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue ;
 That profit's yet to come, 'tween me and you.
 Good-night.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona, into the Castle.*

villainous revenge. The whole procedure of this treacherous
 knave, shews great caution, much policy, and deep malignance
 of mind.

† *Brach*, a kind of babbling hound.

Enter

Enter Iago.

Cassio. Welcome, *Iago*; we must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant. 'Tis not yet ten o'clock. Our general cast us thus early, for the love of his *Desdemona*; whom let us not therefore blame. He hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and she is sport for *Jove*.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed she's a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has? methinks it founds a parley to provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet, methinks, right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets. Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine, and here without are a brace of *Cyprus* gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of black *Othello*.

Cas. Not to-night, good *Iago*. I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking. I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. Oh, they are our friends; but, one cup; I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drank but one cup, to-night, and that was carefully qualified too: and, behold what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels, the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Within. I pray you, call them hither.

Cas. I'll do't, but it dislikes me. [Exit Cassio.]

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drank to-night already,
He'll

He'll be as full of quarrel and offence,
 As my young mistress's dog.—
 Now my sick fool, *Roderigo*,
 Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
 To *Desdemona* hath to-night carouz'd
 Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch.
 Three lads of *Cyprus*, noble swelling spirits,
 (That hold their honours at a wary distance,
 The very elements of this warlike isle,)
 Have I, to-night, fluster'd with flowing cups,
 And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunk-
 Am I to put our *Cassio* in some action, [ards,
 That may offend the isle. But here they come.
 If consequence do but approve my dream,
 My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen.

Cas. 'Fore heaven they have given me a rouse,
 already.

Mont. Good faith, a little one. Not past a pint,
 as I'm a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho: [Iago sings.
And let me the canakin clink, clink, clink,
And let me the canakin clink.

A soldier's a man; oh, man's life's but a span:
Why then let a soldier drink.
 Some wine, boys.

Cas. 'Fore heav'n, an excellent song.

Iago. I learn't it in *England*; where, indeed, they
 are most potent in potting. Your *Dane*, your *German*,
 and your swag-belly'd *Hollanders*—Drink, ho! are
 nothing to your *English*.

Cas. Is your *Englishman* so exquisite in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facility, your *Dane*
 dead drunk. He sweats not to overthrow your *Almain*.
 He gives your *Hollanders* a vomit, ere the next pottle
 can be filled.

Cas. To the health of our general.

Mont.

Mont. I am for it, lieutenant, and I'll do you justice.

Iago. Oh, sweet England.

King Stephen was, and a worthy peer,

His breeches cost him but a crown;

He held them six-pence all too dear,

*With that he call'd the taylor down.**

Some wine, ho.

Caf. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear't again?

Caf. No, for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things. Well—Heaven's above all; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls that must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Caf. For mine own part, (no offence to the general, nor any man of quality) I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Caf. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me. The lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this: let's to our affairs. Forgive us our sins—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk. This is my ancient; this is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunk, now; I can stand well enough, and I speak well enough.

Gent. Excellent well.

Caf. Why, very well then. You must not think then that I am drunk.

[*Exit.*]

Manent Iago and Montano.

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before;—
He is a soldier fit to stand by *Cæsar*,
And give direction. And do but see his vice;

* *Iago's* method of working on *Cassio's* weakness, is also exceedingly artful, as the veil of social jollity covers his base design.

I fear,

I fear, the trust *Orbello* puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mont. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep.

Mont. It were well

The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps, he fees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in *Cassio*,
And looks not on his evils. Is not this true?

Enter Rodorigo.

Iago. How now, *Rodorigo*!

I pray you after the lieutenant, go. *[Exit Rod.*

Mont. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity;
It were an honest action to say so
Unto the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island.
I do love *Cassio* well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil. *[Within. Help, help!*

Re-enter Cassio pursuing Rodorigo.

Cas. You rogue, you rascal!

Mont. What's the matter lieutenant?

Cas. A knave, teach me my duty! I'll beat the
knave into a twiggen bottle.

Rod. Beat me!—

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?

Mont. Nay, good lieutenant; *[Staying him.*
I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir, or I'll knock you over the
mazard.

Mont. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk! *[They fight.*

Iago. Away, I say, go out and cry mutiny.

[Exit Rod.

Nay,

Nay, good lieutenant—fir—*Montano*——
Help, masters! Here's a goodly watch, indeed——
Who's that? Who rings the bell——The town will
rise, [Bell rings.
Fy! fy! lieutenant! hold:
You will be shamed for ever.

Enter Othello and Attendants.

Oth. Hold, for your lives.
Why, how now? Ho! From whence ariseth this?
Are we turn'd *Turks*? and to ourselves do that,
Which heaven hath forbid the *Ottomites*?
For christian shame, put by this barbarous bawl.
He that stirs next, to carve for his own rage,
Holds his soul light: he dies upon his motion.

[*Bell rings.*

Silence that dreadful bell ; it frights the isle
From her propriety. What is the matter ?
Honest *Iago*, that looks dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this ? on thy love, I charge thee.
Iago. I do not know. Friends all, but now, even now
In quarter, and in terms, like bride and groom
Divesting them for bed ; and then, but now—
(As if some planet had unwitting men)
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breasts,
In opposition bloody. I can't speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds,
And would in action glorious I had lost
Those legs, that brought me to a part of it.

Oth. How comes it *Michael*, you are thus forgot?

Caf. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil:

The gravity and Rillness of your youth
The world hath noted; and your name is great,
In mouths of wisest censure. What's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? Give me answer to it.

Mont. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger:
Your officer Iago can inform you,

While I spare speech, which something now offends me,
Of all that I do know? nor know I ought
By me that's said, or done, amiss, this night?
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
And to defend ourselves, it be a sin,
When violence assails us.

Orb. Now, by heav'n,*

If I once stir,

Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me, to know
How this foul rout began. Who set it on;
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Tho' he had twain'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me.——What, and in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel?
In night, and in the court of guard and safety?
'Tis monstrous. Say, *Iago*, who began't.

Mont. If partially assid'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near: †
I'd rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it should do offence to *Michael Cassio*.
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth,
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus 'tis general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for help
And *Cassio* following, with determin'd sword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to *Cassio*, and intreats his pause;
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Left, by his clamour (as it so fell out)

* We think, the following lines of the original should be retained, as beautiful and significant:

*My blood begins my safer guides to rule,
And passion, having my best judgment choler'd,
Assays to lead the way——If I once, &c.*

† This account of the brawl exhibits an uncommon share of fair fac'd dissimulative policy.

The town might fall in fright. He, swift of foot,
 Out-ran my purpose: I return'd, the rather,
 For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
 And *Cassio* high in oath; which, till to-night,
 I ne'er might say before. When I came back,
 (For this was brief) I found them close together,
 At blow and thrust; even as again they were,
 When you, yourself, did part them.
 More of this matter cannot I report.
 But men are men; the best sometimes forget.
 Tho' *Cassio* did some little wrong to him,
 As men in rage strike those that wish them best;
 Yet surely, *Cassio*, I believe, receiv'd
 From him that fled, some strange indignity,
 Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, *Iago*,
 Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
 Making it light to *Cassio*. *Cassio*, I love thee,*
 But never more be officer of mine.——†

Enter Desdemona.

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up:
 I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter?

Oth. All is well, sweeting, come to bed.

Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon.

Lead him off.

[*Montano is led off.*]

Look with care about the town,
 And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.

* There is great dignity of censure, of reproach, and punishment, in this short address to *Cassio*.

† Though we may admit *Othello's* rebuke and discharge of *Cassio* to be very piercing, yet, reason and nature deny its sufficiency to restore a person so stupid to such sober sense. And the author himself seems conscious of this, by making an apology, though a very lame one, in answer to *Iago's* question, "How came you thus recovered?" However, what *Cassio* says of himself and his intoxications, is so sensible, we may be glad of his recovery.

Come,

Come, *Desdemona*, 'tis the soldier's life,
To have his balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[*Exit.*

Manent Iago and Cassio.

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heav'n forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! Oh, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation! *Iago*, my reputation!—

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound: there is more sense in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving. You have lost no reputation, at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man—there are ways to recover the general again. Sue to him again, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Oh, thou invincible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil.

Iago. What was he that you followed with the sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly: a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Cas. It has pleased the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath; one unperfectness shews me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. I could heartily wish this had not befallen: but since it is as it is, mend it, for our own good.

Caf. I will ask him for my place again ; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard!—Had I as many mouths as *Hydra*, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast!—every inordinate cup is unblest'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well us'd : exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

Caf. I have well approv'd it, sir. I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk, at some time, man. I tell you what you shall do: our general's wife is now the general; importune her help, to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than is requested.

Caf. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

Caf. I think it freely: and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous *Desdemona* to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good-night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Caf. Good-night, honest *Iago*. [Exit Cassio.]

Manet Iago.

Iago. And what's he then, that says, I play a villain? When this advice I give, is free and honest, Likely to thinking, and, indeed, the course To win the Moor again. For 'tis most easy Th' inclining *Desdemona* to subdue, In any honest suit. Am I then a villain, To counsel *Cassio* to this parallel course, Directly to his good? 'Tis hell's divinity; When devils will their blackest sins put on, They do suggest at first with heav'nly shews,

As I do now. For while this honest fool
 Plies *Desdemona* to repair his fortune,
 And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
 I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,
 That she repeals him for her body's lust:
 And by how much she strives to do him good,
 She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
 So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
 And out of her own goodness make the net,
 That shall enmesh them all. How now, *Rodorigo*!

Enter Rodorigo.

Rod. I follow here in the chace, not like a hound
 that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money
 is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly
 well cudgelled; and I think the issue will be, I shall
 have so much experience for my pains; and so with
 no money at all, and a little more wit, return again
 to *Venice*.

Iago. How poor are they, that have not patience!
 What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
 Thou knowest we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
 And wit depends on dilatory time.
 Does't not go well? *Cassio* hath beaten thee,
 And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd *Cassio*.
 Retire thee; go where thou art billeted.
 Away, I say; thou shalt know more, hereafter;
 Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit Rodorigo.*]
 Two things are to be done;
 My wife must move for *Cassio* to her mistress:
 I'll set her on:
 Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart,
 And bring him jump, when he may *Cassio* find
 Soliciting his wife—Ay, that's the way;
 Dull not device, by coldness and delay.* [*Exit.*]

END of the SECOND ACT.

* This Second Act carries on the plot well, there is much
 matter and spirit in it.

A C T III.

S C E N E *changes to an Apartment in the Palace.**Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia.**

DESDEMONA.

BE thou assur'd, good *Cassio*, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good madam, do: I know it grieves my
As if the cause were his. [husband,

Des. Oh, that's an honest fellow; doubt not, *Cassio*,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Most bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of *Michael Cassio*,
He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. I know't, I thank you; you do love my lord,
You've known him long; and, be you well assured,
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off,
Than in a politic distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
That I being absent, and my place supply'd,
My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before *Emilia* here,
I give thee warrant of thy place.
Therefore be merry, *Cassio*;
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

* *Shakespeare* has furnished, at the beginning of the third act, a very trifling, non-essential scene, of two pages, to gratify the peculiar taste of his audiences, but which is now most justly rejected, the act beginning much better here.

Enter

Enter Othello and Iago, at a Distance.

Emil. Madam, here comes my lord.

Caf. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay and hear me speak.

Caf. Madam, not now: I'm very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, do your discretion.

[*Exit Cassio,*

Iago. Hah! I like not that—

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.

Oth. Was not that *Cassio* parted from my wife?

Iago. *Cassio*, my lord?—no, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I believe 'twas he.

Des. How now, my lord!

I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant *Cassio*. Good, my lord,
If I have any grace or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face,
I pr'ythee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence, now?

Des. In sooth, so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet *Desdemona*: some other time;

Des. But shall't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall't be to-night at supper?

Oth. Not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner, then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home:
I meet the captain at the citadel.

Des. Why then to-morrow night, or *Tuesday* morn;

Or

Or *Tuesday* noon, or night, or *Wednesday* morn,
 I pr'ythee, name the time; but let it not
 Exceed three days; in faith, he's penitent:
 When shall he come?

Tell me, *Othello*. I wonder in my soul
 What you would ask me, that I would deny.
 What! *Michael Cassio*!

That came a wooing with you, and many a time,
 When I have spoke of you displeasingly,
 Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do
 To bring him in! trust me, I could do much—

Oth. Pr'ythee, no more; let him come when he will,
 I will deny thee nothing.

Whereon I do beseech you grant me this,
 To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you? no: farewell, my lord.

Oth. Farewel, my *Desdemona*. I'll come straight.

Des. *Æmilia*, go; be as your fancies teach you:
 Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [Exeunt]

Manent *Othello* and *Iago*.

Oth. Excellent wretch! *—Perdition catch my soul,
 But I do love thee; and when I love thee not,
 Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. What dost thou say, *Iago*?

Iago. Did *Michael Cassio*, when you woo'd my lady,
 know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last. Why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
 No farther harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, *Iago*?

Iago. I did not think he'd been acquainted with it.

Oth. Oh, yes, and went between us, very oft.

Iago. Indeed!

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed. Discern'st thou ought of
 Is he not honest? [that?]

* We think *wench* much more eligible than *wretch*.

Iago.

Iago. Honest, my lord!

Oth. Honest! ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for ought I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord!—

Oth. Think, my lord! why, by h av'n thou echo'st
As if there were some monster in thy thought, [me,
Too hideous to be shewn. Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say but now, *thou lik'st not that*—
When *Cassio* left my wife. What did'st not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my counsel,
In my whole course of wooing; thou cry'd'st, *indeed!*
And did'st contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then had'st shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me,
Shew me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost,
And, for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,
Therefore those stops of thine fright me the more:
For such things in a false disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom: but, in a man's that's just,
They're cold dilations working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For *Michael Cassio*,
I dare be sworn, I think, that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem,
Or, those that be not, would they might seem none!

Oth. Certain; men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why then, I think *Cassio's* an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this;
I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst
Of thoughts the worst of words.

Iago. Good, my lord, pardon me.
Tho' I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to;
Utter my thoughts!—Why, say they're vile and false;
As where's that palace where into foul things

Sometimes

Sometimes intrude not ? *

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, *Iago*.
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my guess—†
(As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuse; and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not;) I intreat you then,
From one that so improbably conceits,
Your wisdom would not build yourself a trouble,
Out of my scattering and unsure observance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, and wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean ?

Iago. Good name in man, and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.

Who steals my purse, steals trash: 'tis something, no-
thing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor, indeed. †

Oth. I'll know thy thoughts—

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. Oh, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is a green-ey'd monster, which doth make
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;

* There is great subtlety, and shew of honesty, in this speech; claiming independence of thought, gives an air of truth, consequently credit, to what comes after.

† The hesitative, dubious mode of working up the Moor, is finely conceived, and his unsuspecting manner of swallowing jealousy's insidious poison, happily display'd.

† This speech is held in such general, just esteem, and has been so often quoted, that any comment upon it is unnecessary.

But oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who doats, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!

Oth. O misery!

Iago. Poor and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches endless, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
Good heav'n, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

Oth. Why? why is this?

Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy?
To follow still the changes of the moon,
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt,
Is once to be resolv'd.
'Tis not to make me jealous,
To say, my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are most virtuous.
Nor from my own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt:
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, *Iago*,
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And on the proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with love, or jealousy.*

Iago. I'm glad of this: for now I shall have reason
To shew the love and duty that I bear you,
With franker spirit. Therefore, as I'm bound,
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife, observe her well with *Cassio*;
Wear your eye, thus: not jealous, nor secure;
I would not have your free and noble nature
Out of self-bounty be abus'd; look to't.
I know our country's disposition well;
In *Venice* they do let heav'n see the pranks
They dare not shew their husbands: their best con-
science
Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.

* There is a great share of good sense, very well expressed, in this speech; for certain it is, that polite accomplishments and vivacity are rather an ornament, than a taint, to virtue.

Oth.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Go to, then;

She that so young could give out such a seeming,
To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak—
He thought 'twas witchcraft—but I'm much to blame:
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

Oth. I'm bound to you for ever.

Iago. I see this has a little dash'd your spirits,

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has:

I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love. But, I do see you're mov'd—
I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issue, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech would fall into such vile success,
Which my thoughts aim not at. *Cassio's* my worthy
My lord, I see, you're mov'd— [friend.

Oth. No, not much mov'd—

I do not think but *Desdemona's* honest.

Iago. Long live she so! and long live you, to think so!

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself—

Iago. Ay, there's the point;—as (to be bold with you)
Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we see, in all things nature tends.
Foh! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,
Foul disproportions, thoughts unnatural.
But, pardon me, I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her; tho' I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And, haply, so repent.

Oth. Farewel, farewel;
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife t'observe. Leave me, *Iago*.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave.

[*Going*]

Oth. Why did I marry?
This honest creature, doubtless,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. My lord, I would I might intreat your honour
To scan this thing no farther; leave it to time:
Altho' 'tis fit that *Cassio* have his place,
For sure he fills it up with great ability;
Yet, if you please to hold him off, a-while,
You shall by that perceive him, and his means;
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment,
With any strong or vehement importunity,
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have to fear I am)
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.*

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave.

[*Exit Iago*].

Manet Othello.

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit
Of human dealings. If I prove her haggard, †
Tho' that her jesses ‖ were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I'm black,
And have not those soft parts of conversation,
That chamberers have; or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years—yet that's not much—
She's gone, I am abus'd, and my relief

* *Iago's* pretended regard for *Desdemona* by throwing doubts on his own observations, is an admirable device to cover his artifice.

† *Haggard*, wild, irreclaimable.

‖ *Jesses*, small straps put round the legs of a hawk, to keep it on the hand.

Must be to loath her. Oh, the curse of marriage!
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites. I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For other's use. *Desdemona* comes!

Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

If she be false, oh, then heav'n mocks itself.
I'll not believe't. †

Des. How, now, my dear *Othello*!
Your dinner, and your generous islanders,
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why do you speak so faintly?
Are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead, here.

Des. Why, that's with watching, 'twill away again;
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your handkerchief is too little;

[She drops her handkerchief.]

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[Exeunt.]

Manet Emilia.

Emil. I am glad I have found this handkerchief
here:

This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give't *Iago*. What he'll do with it,
Heav'n knows, not I;
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

† The sudden effect of *Desdemona*'s personal appearance, is pleasing and natural; for the heart which truly loves, unless grossly imposed on, always judges favourably.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now, what do you do here, alone?

Æmil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago. You have a thing for me!

It is a common thing—

Æmil. What?

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Æmil. Oh, is that all! What will you give me now,
For that same handkerchief? *

Iago. What handkerchief?

Æmil. What handkerchief!

Why that the Moor first gave to *Desdemona*;
That, which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her?

Æmil. No, but she let it drop, by negligence;
And, to th' advantage, I being here, took't up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench, give it to me.

Æmil. What will you do with't, you have been so
To have me filch it? [earnest

Iago. Why, what is that to you! [Snatching it.

Æmil. If't be not for some purpose of import,
Give't me again. Poor lady! she'll run mad,
When she shall miss it.

Iago. Be not you known on't:

I have use for it. Leave me—Go— [Exit Æmil.

I will in *Cassio's* lodging lose this handkerchief,
And let him find it. Trifles light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong,
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something,
The Moor already changes with my poisons.

Enter Othello.

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,

* The handkerchief, as a corroborative circumstance, is happily introduced; since nothing can be more true than *Iago's* remark, that, "trifles light as air, &c."

Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep,
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Oth. Ha! false to me!

Iago. Why, how now, general? No more of that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou'st set me on the rack:
I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know a little.

Iago. How, my-lord?

Oth. What sense had I, in her stol'n hours of lust?
I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me;
I slept the next night well; was free and merry;
I found not *Cassio's* kisses on her lips.
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am not sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
(Pioneers and all) had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. Oh now, for ever
Farewel the tranquil mind! Farewel content!
Farewel the plumed troops, and the big war,
That make ambition virtue! Oh, farewell!
Farewel the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, oh, you mortal engines, whose rude throats
'Th' immortal *Jove's* dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewel! * *Othello's* occupation's gone!

Iago. Is't possible, my lord?

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore?
Be sure of it: give me the ocular proof,
[*Catching hold of him.*

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst better have been born a dog, *Iago*,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is't come to this?

* This impassioned rhapsody is extremely striking and beautiful. *Shakespeare*, herein, as well as through the whole act, has poured forth a flood of genius.

Oth. Make me to see't; or, at least, so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on; or, woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord—

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
On horror's head, horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heav'n weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing can'st thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. Oh, grace! oh heav'n, defend me!
Are you a man? Have you a soul? or sense?
Heav'n be w'you; take mine offence. O wretched fool,
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!
Oh, monstrous world! Take note, take note, oh world,
To be direct and honest, is not safe!
I thank you for this profit, and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay—Thou should'st be honest—

Iago. I should be wise, for honesty's a fool,
And loses what it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think, my wife is honest; and think, she is not;
I think, that thou art just; and think, thou art not;
I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as fresh
As *Diana's* visage, is now begrim'd and black,
As my own face. If there be cords or knives,
Poison or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure't—Would I were satisfied!*

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion;
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied!

Oth. Would! nay, and will.

* *Othello*, through all the scenes of this Act, requires most expanded powers of expression; they cannot rise too far, unless strained. *Iago* claims great judgment and sensibility, without much force, he shows the secret workings of a villainous heart: *Othello's*, are the effusions of a wounded, generous, credulous one.

Iago. And may; but how? How satisfied, my lord?
Would you be supervisor, grossly gape on?
Behold her——?

Oth. Death and damnation! Oh!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring 'em to that prospect. Damn them, then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
More than their own. What then? how then?
What shall I say? where's satisfaction?

It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkies,†
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross,
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you might have't.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office;

But since I'm enter'd into this cause so far,
Prick't to't by foolish honesty and love,
I will go on. I lay with *Cassio*, lately,
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.——

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is *Cassio*.
In sleep, I heard him say, "Sweet *Desdemona*,
"Let us be wary, let us hide our loves;"
And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand;
Cry,—“Oh sweet creature!” and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips; and then
Cry, “Curfed fate! that gave thee to the Moor.”

† We wish the greater part of this speech was omitted. Nothing material would be lost, and delicacy would be better sustained, if, after *Othello* says, *Death and damnation! Oh!* *Iago* was to reply,

My lord,
If imputation and strong, &c.

Oth. Oh, monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion:

'Tis a shrewd doubt, tho' it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise; yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest, yet—Tell me but this,
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that; but such a handkerchief,
(I'm sure, it was your wife's) did I to-day,
See *Cassio* wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that——

Iago. If it be that, or any, that was hers,
It speaks against her, with the other proofs.

Oth. Oh, that the slave had forty thousand lives!
One is too poor, too weak, for my revenge.
Now do I see 'tis true—Look here, *Iago*,
All my fond love thus do I blow to heav'n:
'Tis gone.——

Arise, black vengeance, from th' unhallowed cell!
Yield up, oh love, thy crown and hearted throne,
To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspics tongues.

Iago. Yet be content.

Oth. Oh blood, blood, blood—— [change.

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may

Oth. Never, *Iago*. Like to the *Pontick* sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on,
To the *Propontick*, and the *Hellespont*;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
'Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up—Now, by yon marble heav'n,
In the due rev'rence of a sacred vow, [He kneels.
I here engage my words——

Iago.

Iago. Do not rise yet.*

[*Iago kneels.*

Witness, ye ever burning lights above!
Ye elements that clepe us round about!
Witness, that here *Iago* doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd *Othello's* service. Let him command,
And not to obey, shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but, with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to't.
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That *Cassio's* not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead;
'Tis done, at your request. But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! oh damn her, damn
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw. [her!
To furnish me with some swift means of death,
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant—

Iago. I am your own, for ever.† [Exit.

SCENE *an Apartment in the same Castle.*

Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, *Emilia*?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness,
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous?

* *Iago's* kneeling here, is such a master-stroke of hypocrisy, that it seldom fails to cause laughter in one, and to draw execrations from another part of the audience.

† *Shakespeare*, in a strange flight of fancy, crammed a clown into this tragedy, who has been, with strict justice, banished; as also another excrescence, *Cassio's* mistress, *Bianca*. We think, the Third Act would end well here.

Des.

Des. Who, he! I think the sun where he was born,
Drew all such humours from him.

Æmil. Look, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, till *Cassio* be
Call'd to him. How is it with you, my lord?
[*Æmil*ia retires.]

Enter Othello.

Oth. Well, my good lady. Oh hardness to dissemble!
How do you, *Desdemona*?

Des. Well, my lord.

Oth. Give me your hand; this hand is moist, my lady.

Des. It yet hath felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart:
Hot, hot, and moist—this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty; fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A very frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so:
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand. The hands of old gave hearts;
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come, now your promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck?

Des. I've sent to bid *Cassio* come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me:
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not!—

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That's a fault. That handkerchief
Did an *Egyptian* to my mother give;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept
'Twould make her amiable, subdue my father [it,
Intirely to her love; but if she lost it,

Or

Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
 Should hold her loathed, and his spirits hunt
 After new fancies. She dying, gave it me;
 And bid me, when my fate would have me wiv'd,
 To give it her. I did so; and take heed on't;
 Make it a darling, like your precious eye;
 To lose't, or give't away, were such perdition,
 As nothing else could match.

Des. Is't possible?

Oth. 'Tis true; there's magick in the web of it;
 A *Sibyl* that had numbered in the world
 Of the sun's course two hundred compasses,
 In her prophetic fury sew'd the work:
 The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk;
 And it was dy'd in mummy, which the skilful
 Conserv'd of maidens hearts.*

Des. Indeed! is't true?

Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to't well.

Des. Then would to heav'n that I had never seen't!

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash?

Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is't out o' th' way?

Des. Bless us!

Oth. Say you!

Des. It is not lost; but what, and if it were?

Oth. Ha!

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch it, let me see't.

Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now:

This is a trick to put me from my suit.

Pray you, let *Cassio* be receiv'd again. [gives—

Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief—my mind mis-

Des. Come, you'll ne'er meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief—

* There is something charmingly awful in the Moor's manner of giving the handkerchief consequence; and *Desdemona's* evasive supplication for *Cassio* is finely imagined, and it most evidently tends to strengthen her husband's jealousy.

Des. A man, that all his time
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;
Shar'd dangers with you.

Oth. The handkerchief—

Des. In sooth you are to blame.

Oth. Away!—

[*Exit Othello.*]

Manent Desdemona and Emilia.

Emil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:
I'm most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'Tis not a year or too shews us a man:
Look you! *Cassio*, and my husband.

Enter Iago and Cassio.

Iago. There is no other way, 'tis she must do't;
And lo, the happiness! go and importune her.

Des. How now, good *Cassio*, what's the news with

Cas. Madam, my former suit. [you?]

Des. Alas! good *Cassio*,

My advocacy is not now in tune;

My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,

Were he in favour as in humour alter'd.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Emil. He went hence but now;

And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry!

Something of moment then; I'll go meet him:

Des. I pr'ythee do so.

Iago. There's matter in't, indeed, if he be angry.

[*Exit.*]

Manent Desdemona, Emilia, and Cassio.

Des. Something, sure, of state,
From *Venice*.

Emil. Pray heav'n, it be

State

State matter as you think ; and no conception,
Nor jealous toy, concerning you.

Des. Alas, the day, I never gave him cause.

Æmil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so ;
They are not ever jealous for a cause ;
But jealous, for they're jealous. It's a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heav'n keep that monster from *Othello's* mind !

Æmil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seek him. *Cassio*, walk hereabout ;
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek t'effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.*

[*Ex. Des. and Æmil. at one door, Cas. at the other.*†]

END of the THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

SCENE, a Court before the Palace.

Enter Othello and Iago.

I A G O.

WILL you think so? †

Oth. Think so, *Iago*!

Iago. What, to kifs in private?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kifs?

Iago.

* The Third Act ends better here, without introducing *Cassio* and his female cypher. As a main engine of his plot, 'tis surprising the author did not make the lieutenant a better acting part : he should be represented by a handsome figure, joined to that, very slender or third-rate requisites will do.

† We are of opinion, that this Act is the best that ever was wrote, for spirit, extent of conception, boldness of painting, depth of design, and probability of effects.

‡ It does *Shakespeare* great service to begin the Fourth Act here, as the six original pages which precede, are tedious, confused,

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief—

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why then, 'tis hers, my lord; and being hers,
She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is protectress of her honour, too:
May she give that?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen,
They have it very oft, that have it not:
But for the handkerchief—

Oth. By heav'n, I would most gladly have forgot it:
Thou said'st—oh, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er th' infected house,
Boding to ill,—he had my handkerchief.

Iago. What if I said, I'd seen him do you wrong!
Or heard him say, (as knaves must blab.)

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord, but be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. Why, that he did—I know not what he did.

Oth. What? What?

Iago. Lie—

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her; on her—what you will—

Oth. Lie with her!

I will chop her into messes: cuckold me!

Iago. Oh, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. What, with mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, *Iago*, this night; * I'll
not expostulate with her, lest her body and her beauty
unprovide my mind again—this night, *Iago*.

Iago. Do it not with poison; strangle her in bed;
Even in the bed which she hath contaminated.

fused, trifling, and often indecent; the Moor has already been sufficiently wrought on; besides, the character of *Othello*, as it now stands, is as much as very great spirit and acting powers can go through; more, must sink the ablest performer.

* We think beginning the Act at this line would save delicacy a blush or two, and be, in that sense, an improvement.

Oth. Good, good;
The justice of it pleases; very good.

Iago. And for *Cassio*, let me be his undertaker:
You shall hear more, by midnight.

Oth. Excellent, good:— [A trumpet within.
What trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from *Venice*, sure. 'Tis *Lodovico*
Come from the duke: and see, your wife is with him.

Enter Lodovico and Desdemona.

Lod. Save you, worthy general.

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of *Venice* greet you.

[Gives him a letter.

Oth. I kiss the instruments of their pleasures.

Des. And what's the news, good cousin *Lodovico*?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior.

Welcome to *Cyprus*.

Lod. I thank you. How does lieutenant *Cassio*?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. There's fallen between him and my lord
An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My lord!—

Oth. *This fail you not to do, as you will—* [Reads.

Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the paper.

Is there division 'twixt my lord and *Cassio*?

Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much
T' atone them, for the love I bear to *Cassio*.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Des. My lord!

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be the letter mov'd him.

For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing *Cassio* in his government.

Des. Trust me, I'm glad on't.

Oth. Indeed!

Des. My lord!

Oth. I'm glad to see you mad.

Des.

Des. Why, sweet *Othello*?

Oth. Devil!—

[*Striking her.*]

Des. I have not deserved this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in *Venice*,
'Tho' I should swear I saw't. 'Tis very much;

Make her amends—she weeps.

Oth. Oh devil, devil!

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.

Out of my sight—

Des. I will not stay t'offend you.

[*Going.*]

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady.

I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress—

Des. My lord.

Oth. What would you with her, sir.

Lod. Who, I, my lord?

Oth. Ay, you did wish, that I would make her turn :
Sir, she can turn and turn, and yet go on ;

And turn again. And she can weep, sir, weep ;

And she's obedient, as you say, obedient ;

Very obedient—proceed you in your tears—

Concerning this, sir,—oh, well painted passion!—

I am commanded home—get you away,

I'll send for you, anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,

And will return to *Venice*—Hence, avaunt!—

Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, to-night,

I do entreat that we may sup together.

You are welcome, sir, to *Cyprus*—

Goats and monkeys!

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona, severally.*]

Manent Lodovico and Iago.

Lod. Is this the noble Moor, whom our full senate
Call all-in-all sufficient? What, strike his wife!

Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well ; yet would I knew
That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas !
 It is not honesty in me to speak
 What I have seen and known,
 Do but go after,
 And mark how he continues.

Lod. I'm sorry that I was deceiv'd in him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to an Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Othello and Æmilia.

Oth. You have seen nothing, then!

Æmil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen *Cassio* and her together.

Æmil. But then I saw no harm; and then I heard
 Each syllable that breath made up between them.

Oth. What, did they never whisper?

Æmil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o'th' way?

Æmil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor

Æmil. Never, my lord. [nothing?]

Oth. That's strange!

Æmil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
 Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
 Remove your thought, it doth abuse your bosom.
 If any wretch hath put this in your head,
 Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
 For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
 There's no man happy; the purest of their wives
 Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither—go. [*Exit Æmilia.*]

She says enough; yet she's a simple bawd
 That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
 A closet-lock and key of villainous secrets;
 And yet she'll kneel and pray: I've seen her do't.

Enter Desdemona and Æmilia.

Des. My lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray you, chuck, come hither.

Des.

Def. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes; look in my face.

Def. What horrible fancy's this?

Oth. Some of your function, mistress,
Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;
Cough, or cry hem, if any body come.
Your mystery, your mystery—nay, dispatch.

[Exit Emilia.]

Def. Upon my knee, what doth your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not your words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Def. Your wife, my lord! your true and loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it; damn thyself; left, being like
one

Of heav'n, the devils themselves should fear to seize
thee.

Therefore be doubly damn'd: swear, thou art honest.

Def. Heav'n doth truly know it.

Oth. Heav'n truly knows,
That thou art false as hell.

Def. To whom, my lord?

With whom? How am I false?

Oth. Ah, *Desdemona!* away, away, away—

Def. Alas, the heavy day! why do you weep?
Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?
If, haply, you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleased heav'n *
To try me with affliction, had it rain'd
All kind of sores and shames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,
Giv'n to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found in some place of my soul,
A drop of patience. But, alas, to make me

* This speech is a very beautiful pause of passion for tenderness to flow in; most pathetically picturesque.

A fixed figure for the hand of scorn
 To point his slow and moving finger at—
 Yet could I bear that too, well, very well.
 But there, where I had garner'd up my heart,
 Where either I must live, or bear no life,
 The fountain from the which my current runs,
 Or else dries up; to be discarded thence;
 Or keep it, as a cistern for foul toads
 To knot and gender in. Turn thy complexion there,
 Patience, thou young and rose-lip'd cherubim;
 Ay, there, look grim as hell.*

Des. I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. Oh, ay, as summer flies are in the shambles,
 That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed!
 Who art so lovely, fair, and smell'st so sweet,
 That the sense akes at thee—
 'Would thou had'st ne'er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
 Made to write whore upon? What committed?
 —Oh, thou public commoner!

I should make very forges of my cheeks,
 That would to cinders burn up modesty,
 Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed!
 Heav'n stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
 The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
 Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
 And will not hear't. What committed!--Impudent

Des. By heav'n, you do me wrong. [strumpet!]

Oth. Are not you a strumpet!

Des. No, as I am a christian.

Oth. What, not a whore!

Des. No, as I shall be sav'd.

Oth. I cry you mercy, then.

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
 That married with *Othello*.

* The meaning of this passage is obviously this—Patience, cast an eye upon that lov'd, faithless object, and even your smiling rosy countenance must change to fiend-like grimace of resentment.

Enter

Enter Æmilia.

You, mistress,
That have the office opposite to St. *Peter*,
And keep the gate of hell. You! you! ay, you!
We have done our course, there's money for your pains;
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel. [*Exit.*

Æmil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?
Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

Def. With whom, *Æmilia*?

Æmil. Why, with my lord, madam.

Def. Who's thy lord?

Æmil. He that is your's, sweet lady.

Def. I have done. Do not talk to me, *Æmilia*.

Go, call thy husband hither.

Æmil. Here's a change, indeed! [*Exit.*

Def. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.

Enter Iago and Æmilia.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? how is't with you?

Def. I cannot tell. Those that do teach your babes,
Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks;
He might have chid me so; for in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady?

Æmil. Alas, *Iago*, my lord has so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despight and heavy terms upon her,
That true hearts cannot bear it.

Def. Am I that name, *Iago*?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Def. Such as, she said, my lord did say I was.

Æmil. He call'd her whore; a beggar in his drink
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.*

* *Callet* here, means trull, for scold: to *callet*, is us'd at present, for to scold.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I know not; I'm sure I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep. Alas, the day!

Æmil. Hath she forsook so many noble matches?

Her father, and her country, and her friends,

To be call'd whore? Would it not make one weep?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for't! How comes this trick upon

Des. Nay, heav'n doth know. [him?]

Æmil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,

Some busy and insinuating rogue,

Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,

Has not devis'd this slander: I'll be hang'd, else.

Iago. Fie, there's no such man; it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heav'n pardon him!

Æmil. A halter pardon him, and he'll gnaw his bones!

Why should he call her whore? Who keeps her company?

What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?

The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave,

Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.

Oh heav'n, that such companions thou'dst unfold,

And put in every honest hand a whip,

To lash the rascal naked thro' the world.

Iago. Speak within door.

Æmil. Oh, fie upon him! Some such 'squire he was,

That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,

And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool. Go to.

Des. Alas, *Iago*,

What shall I do to win my lord again?

Good friend, go to him; by this light of heav'n,

I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel; [Kneeling.

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,

Or in discourse, or thought, or actual deed;

Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,

Delighted then on any other form;

Or that I do not yet, and ever did,

And

And ever will, though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour;
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Des. If 'twere no other—

Iago. It is but so, I warrant.

Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*]

Enter Rodorigo to Iago.

How now, *Rodorigo*?

Rod. I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou dost't * me with some device,
Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now, keep'st from
me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least
advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure
it. Nor am I yet perswaded to put up in peace, what
already I have so foolishly suffer'd.

Iago. Will you hear me, *Rodorigo*?

Rod. Faith, I have heard too much; and your words
and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself
out of means. The jewels you have had from me, to
deliver to *Desdemona*, would have half corrupted a vo-
tariſt. You have told me she hath receiv'd them, and
return'd me expectations and comforts of sudden respect
and acquaintance; but I find none.

Iago. Well, go to. Very well.

Rod. Very well; go to. I cannot go to, man, nor
'tis not very well; nay, I think, it is scurvy, and begin
to find myself fobb'd in it.

Iago. Very well.

* *Dost't*—put't me off.

Rod.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to *Desdemona*: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation: if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said, now——

Rod. Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why now, I see there's mettle in thee; and even from this instant, do I build on thee a better opinion, than ever before. Give me thy hand, *Rodorigo*; thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appear'd; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, *Rodorigo*, if thou hast that in thee, indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever, (I mean, purpose, courage, and valour) this night shew it. If thou the next night following, enjoy not, *Desdemona*, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, What is it? Is it within reason and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is a special commission come from *Venice*, to depute *Cassio* in *Othello's* place.

Rod. Is that true? Why, then *Othello* and *Desdemona* return again to *Venice*.

Iago. Oh, no; he goes into *Mauritania*, and taketh away with him the fair *Desdemona*, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident; wherein, none can be so determinate, as the removing of *Cassio*.

Rod. How do you mean removing him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of *Othello's* place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot; if you will watch his going thence, you may take him at your pleasure:

pleasure: I will be near to second your attempt. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me! I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time; and the night grows to waste. About it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, and Emilia.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. Oh, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night! I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Oh, *Desdemona*!

Des. My lord.

Oth. Get you to bed, on th' instant, I will be returned, forthwith; dismiss your attendant there; look it be done.

Des. I will, my lord.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?

[*Exeunt.*]

Emil. How goes it now? He looks gentler than he

Des. He says, he will return immediately, [did, And hath commanded me to go to bed, And bid me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good *Emilia*, Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu.

We must not now displease him.

Emil. * I would you had never seen him! †

END of the FOURTH ACT.

* There are two pages judiciously curtailed from the latter part of this scene.

† The Fourth Act, though not quite equal to that which precedes it, yet maintains its place with great dignity, and does its author credit. The plot goes on with fine gradation.

ACT

A C T V.

S C E N E, *a Street before the Palace.**Enter Iago and Rodorigo.**

I A G O.

H E R E, stand behind this bulk. Straight will he come :Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home ;
It makes us, or it mars us ; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.*Rod.* Be near at hand, I may miscarry in't.*Iago.* Here at thy hand ; be bold, and take thy sword.*Rod.* I have no great devotion to the deed,
Yet, he hath given me satisfying reasons :
'Tis but a man gone. Forth my sword ; he dies.*[Stands apart.]**Iago.* Now, whether he kill *Cassio*,
Or *Cassio* him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain. Live *Rodorigo*,
He calls me to a restitution large,
Of gold and jewels, that I bobb'd from him,
As gifts to *Desdemona*.
It must not be.—If *Cassio* do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly ; and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him ! there stand I in peril :
No, he must die. Be it so. I hear him coming.*Enter Cassio.**Rod.* I know his gait ; 'tis he. Villain, thou diest.*[He runs at Cassio, and wounds him.]**Cas.* That thrust had been mine enemy, indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'st :
I will make proof of thine.*[Fight. Iago cuts Cassio behind in the leg, and exit.]**[Then Rodorigo and Cassio fall.]*

* This scene is sometimes made, and we think properly, the last of the Fourth Act. By such disposition, the Fifth Act opens with more solemnity, and is more uniform.

Rod.

Rod. Oh, I am slain.

Caf. I'm maim'd for ever; help, hoa; murder,

Rod. Villain that I am, [murther!

Oh, help! hoa, a surgeon.

Caf. What, ho? no watch? no passage? Murther, murther!

Rod. Nobody come. Then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago, in his shirt, with a Light and Sword.

Iago. Who's there? What noise is this, that cries out murther?

Caf. *Iago*, oh I am spoil'd, undone by villains!

Give me some help.

Iago. Oh me, lieutenant! What villains have done

Caf. I think, that one of them is hereabout! [this? And cannot make away.

Rod. Oh, help me there.

Caf. That's one of them.

Iago. Oh, murth'rous slave! oh, villain!

[*Iago stabs him.*

Rod. Oh, damn'd *Iago*! oh, inhuman dog!

Iago. Kill men i'th' dark! Where be these bloody thieves?

How silent is this town! Hoa, murther! murther!

Enter Lodovico and Gratiano.

What may you be? Are you of good or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior *Lodovico*?

Lod. He, sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy! Here's *Cassio* hurt by villains.

Gra. *Cassio*!

Iago. How is't, brother?

Caf. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heav'n forbid!

Know we this face?

Alas, my friend, my dear countryman,

Roderigo! No: yes, sure. Yea, 'tis *Roderigo*.

G

Enter

Enter Emilia.

Emil. Alas, what is the matter?
What is the matter, husband?

Iago. *Cassio* hath here been set on in the dark,
By *Roderigo*, and fellows that are 'scap'd:
He's almost slain, and *Roderigo* dead.

Emilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what hath hap'd.
Will you go on afore?—This is the night,
That either makes me, or fordoes me quite.

[Exit Iago following.]

SCENE, a Bed-chamber: *Desdemona* is discovered
asleep, in her bed.

Enter Othello, with a Light and a Sword.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul:
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!
It is the cause—Yet I'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster:

[Lays down the Sword.]

Yet she must die; * else she betray more men.
Put out the light, and then—put out the light?
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent; but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excellent nature,
I know not where is that *Promethean* heat,
That can thy light relumine.— *[Sets down the Taper.]*
When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again;
It needs must wither.—I'll smell thee on the tree;

[Kissing her.]

* The stile and sentiment, in which *Othello* ruminates, is awfully solemn and natural. The situation of *Desdemona*, her innocence, the conversation, and her death, co-operate strongly to touch the strings of pity.

Oh,

Oh, balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword! One more; one more;
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after—One more, that's the last;
So sweet, was ne'er so fatal! I must weep,
But they are cruel tears; this sorrow's heavenly
It strikes where it doth love.—She wakes—

Des. Who's there? *Othello*?

Oth. Ay, *Desdemona*.

Des. Will you come to-bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd, to-night, *Desdemona*?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime,
Unreconcil'd, as yet, to heav'n and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alack, my lord,

What may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by.
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No, (heav'ns forbend!) I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing!

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then heav'n have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum.

Des. And yet I fear you: for you're fatal then,
When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear, I know not,
Since guilt I know not: yet, I feel I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They're loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou dy'st.*

Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.

Alas! why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame;
These are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.

* This dialogue has more nature, and a happier effect, by being mostly composed of lines and half lines, than if the speeches had been longer.

Oth. Peace, and be still.

Des. I will so. What's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief,

Which I so lov'd, and gave thee, thou gav'st *Cassio*.

Des. No, by my life and soul; send for the man,
And ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed, take heed of perjury:
Thou art on thy death-bed.

Des. Aye, but not yet to die.

Oth. Presently;

Therefore confess thee freely for thy sin;

For to deny each article with an oath,

Cannot remove, nor choak, the strong conception,

That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Oh, heav'n have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy, too!—I never did

Offend you, in my life; never lov'd *Cassio*,

But with such general warranty of heav'n,

As I might love, I never gave him token.

Oth. By heav'n, I saw my handkerchief in's hand.

Oh, perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart;

And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,

A murder, which I thought a sacrifice.

I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it, then:

I never gave it him. Send for him hither,

Let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath—us'd thee—

Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He will not say so

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;

Honest *Iago* hath ta'en order for't.

Des. My fear interprets, then—What is he dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my revenge

Had stomach for them all

Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet! weep'st thou for him to my face?

Des. O banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, strumpet.

Des. Kill me, to-morrow, but let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive—

Des. But half an hour.

Oth. Being done, there is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late. [*He smothers her.*]

Æmilia at the Door.

Æmil. My lord, my lord!—what, ho! my lord,
my lord!

Oth. What noise is this! Not dead! not yet quite
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful; [dead!
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.
So, so.*

Æmil. within.] What, ho, my lord, my lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Æmil. Oh, my good lord, I would speak a word
with you.

Oth. Yes, 'tis *Æmilia*—By and by—She's dead.
'Tis like she comes to speak of *Cassio*'s death;
The noise was high—Ha, no more moving!
Still as the grave. Shall she come in? Were't good?
I think she stirs again.—No—What's the best?
If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife.
My wife! my wife! What wife? I have no wife.
Oh, unsupportable! Oh, heavy hour!
Methinks, it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration—†

Æmil. I beseech you,
That I may speak with you. O good, my lord!

Oth. I had forgot thee. [*Unlocks the Door.*]

* It has been justly remarked, that, *stabbing Desdemona*, here, reconciles her recovering speech, yet, dying afterwards; which is otherwise, highly unnatural.

† There is a most natural, well-drawn confusion in this speech which concludes with great magnitude of idea.

What's the matter with thee, now? Come in, *Æmilia*.

Æmil. Oh, my good lord, yonder's foul murder

Oth. What! now! [done.

Æmil. But now, my lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;

She comes more near the earth than she was wont,

And makes men mad.

Æmil. *Cassio*, my lord, hath kill'd

A young *Venetian*, called *Roderigo*.

Oth. *Roderigo* kill'd! and *Cassio* kill'd!

Æmil. No, *Cassio* is not kill'd.

Oth. Not *Cassio* kill'd! Then murder's out of tune,

And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. Oh falsely, falsely murder'd!—

Æmil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That! what?

Æmil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice.

Help! help, ho! help! oh lady, speak again;

Sweet *Desdemona*! oh sweet mistress, speak.

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Æmil. Oh, who has done this deed?

Des. Nobody, I myself, farewell.

Commend me to my kind lord; oh, farewell. [Dies.

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?

Æmil. Alas! who knows?

Oth. You heard her say herself, 'it was not I.

Æmil. She said so, I must needs report the truth.

Oth. She's like a liar gone to burning hell;

'Twas I that kill'd her. [devil.

Æmil. Oh, the more angel she, and you the blacker

Oth. She turn'd to fell; and she was a whore.

Æmil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water.

Æmil. Thou art rash as fire, to say

That she was false. Oh, she was heav'nly true.

Oth. *Cassio* did use her; ask thy husband else.

Oh, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,

But that I did proceed upon just grounds,

To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

Æmil. My husband!

Oth. Thy husband.

Æmil. That she was false to wedlock!

Oth. Ay, with *Cassio*: had she been true,
If heav'n would make me such another world,
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

Æmil. My husband!

Oth. What mean's this iteration, woman?
I say thy husband.
Do'st understand the word?

My friend, thy husband, honest, honest *Iago*.

Æmil. If he says so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a-day! he lies to th' heart;
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha!—

Æmil. Do thy worst:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heav'n,
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Æmil. Thou hast not half that power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt: oh gull! oh dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou'st done a deed——
I care not for thy sword. I'll make thee known,
Tho' I lost twenty lives—Help! help! ho! help!
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress. Murder, murder!

Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, and others.

Mont. How now, general?

Æmil. Oh! are you come, *Iago*! you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Æmil. Disprove the villain, if thou be'st a man.
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false;
I know thou didst not: thou'rt not such a villain.
Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more,
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Æmil. But did you ever tell him she was false?

Iago. I did.

Æmil. You told a lie; an odious, damned lie!
Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie.

She

She false with *Cassio*! Did you say with *Cassio*?

Iago. With *Cassio*, mistress;

What, are you mad? I charge you get you home.

Æmil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak;
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:

Perchance, *Iago*, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. Oh! oh! oh! [*Othello falls on the bed.*]

Æmil. Nay, lay thee down, and roar;

For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,

That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. Oh, she was foul! [*Rising.*]

I scarce did know you, uncle: there lies your niece,
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd;
I know this act shews horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor *Desdemona*! I'm glad thy father's dead:
Did he live, now,

This sight would make him do a desp'rate turn;
And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful; but yet *Iago* knows,
That she with *Cassio* had the act of shame,
A thousand times committed. *Cassio* confess it;
And she did gratify his amorous works,
With that recognizance and pledge of love,
Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand;
It was a handkerchief, an antique token,
My father gave my mother.

Æmil. Oh heav'n! oh heavenly powers! *
That handkerchief thou speak'st of,
I found, by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle),
He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Filth, thou liest.

Æmil. By heav'n, I do not; I do not, gentlemen:
Oh, murd'rous coxcomb! What should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?

[*Iago breaks through, and wounds his wife, then runs out.*]

* The opening of *Iago's* villainy is judicious, and the gradual, yet full exposition of it, very satisfactory.

Oth. Are there no stones in heav'n,
But what serve for the thunder? Precious villain!

Gra. The woman falls; sure, he has kill'd his wife.

Mont. Take this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without, let him not pass,
But kill him rather; I'll after that same villain.

[*Exeunt Mont. and Gra.*]

Oth. I am not valiant, neither;
But every puny whipster gets my sword.
But why should honour out-live honesty?
Let it go all.

Æmil. Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true; [Moor,
So speaking as I think, I die, I die. [*Æmilias dies.*]

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It was a sword of *Spain*, the *Ebro's* temper;
Oh, here it is. Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. within.] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear;
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look upon me then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter Gratiano.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Lo! I have a weapon:
A better never did itself sustain,
Upon a soldier's thigh. I've seen the day,
That with this single arm, and this good sword,
I've made my way through more impediments,
Than twenty times your stop. But, oh vain boast!
Who can controul his fate? 'Tis not so, now.
Man but a rush against *Othello's* breast,
And he retires. Where should *Othello* go? *
Now—how dost thou look, now? Oh ill-starr'd wench!
Pale as thy smock! When we shall meet at compt,

* The situation of *Othello's* is here exceedingly pitiable, and the actor has, in this speech, as in many others of the Fifth Act, a glorious opportunity for impressive expression.

This look of thine will hurl my soul from heav'n,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl,
Ev'n like thy chastity.

" Whip me, ye devils,

" From the possession of this heav'nly sight:

" Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphur,

" Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire——†

Oh *Desdemona!* *Desdemona!* dead, dead! oh, oh!

*Enter Lodovico, Cassio led in wounded, Montano, and
Iago Prisoners, with Officers.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man

Oth. That's he that was *Othello*.

Lod. Where is that viper? Bring the villain forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet; but that's a fable.
If that thou beest a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[*Othello wounds Iago.*

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.*

Iago. I bleed, sir, but am not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry, neither: I'd have thee live;
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

Lod. Oh thou *Othello*, that wast once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a cursed slave,—

What shall be said of thee?

Oth. Why, any thing;

An honourable murth'rer, if you will:

For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confest his villainy:
Did you and he consent in *Cassio's* death?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

† Though the marked lines afford a fine transition of expression, yet, as they convey very horrid ideas, we could wish them omitted.

* Saving *Iago* for legal punishment, we much approve; and see no reason why *Æmilia* should have been killed, unless to fix on him a positive charge of murder.

Iago. Demand me nothing; what you know, you
From this time forth I ne'er will speak a word. [know;

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not, here's a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain *Roderigo*,
And, here, another; one of them imports
The death of *Cassio* to be undertook
By *Roderigo*.

Oth. Oh, villain!

Lod. Now, here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant t'have sent this damned villain;
But that, belike, *Iago* in the interim
Came in, and satisfied him.

Oth. Oh, thou pernicious caitiff!
How came you, *Cassio*, by that handkerchief,
That was my wife's?

Cas. I found it in my chamber:
And he himself confess'd but even now,
That there he dropt it for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. Oh, fool, fool, fool!

Cas. There is, besides, in *Roderigo's* letter,
How he upbraids *Iago*, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast: and even now he spake,
After long seeming dead, *Iago* hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us;
Your pow'r and your command is taken off,
And *Cassio* rules in *Cyprus*. For this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his Away with him. [*Exit Iago guarded.*
You shall close prisoner rest,

Till that the nature of your fault be known,
To the *Venetian* state. Come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I've done the state some service, and they know't;
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,

When

O T H E L L O.

When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
 Speak of me as I am: nothing extenuate,
 Nor set down ought in malice. Then must you speak
 Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
 Of one, not easily jealous; but being wrought,
 Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,
 Like the base *Indian*, threw a pearl away,
 Richer than all his tribe; of one whose eyes
 Albeit unused to the melting mood,
 Drop tears as fast as the *Arabian* trees
 Their medicinal gum. Set you down this:
 And say, besides, that in *Aleppo* once,
 Where a malignant and a turban'd *Turk*
 Beat a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the state,
 I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
 And smote him thus.—† [Stabs himself and dies.
[To Iago.
Led. Oh *Spartan* dog!
 More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
Gratiano, keep the house,
 And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
 For they succeed to you. To you, lord governor,
 Remains the censure of that hellish villain:
 The time, the place, the torture, oh! inforce it.
 Myself will strait abroad; and to the state
 This heavy act, with heavy heart relate. † [Exeunt.

* The catastrophe of *Othello* is nobly supported; and his voluntary death a natural flight of mind, torn with remorse for having sacrificed the idol of his heart, to a false charge and an unhappy resentment.

† At the end of the Third Act a reader or spectator is induced to think his feelings cannot be touched more sensibly, but there is such a well conceived succession of events, such variation of circumstances, such preservation of character, such a noble mellifluousness of writing, and such a melting climax of catastrophe, that sensation is played upon, with increasing force, to the very last speech.

The END of OTHELLO.



